



# A Black Thorn Folio Broadside

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*malgré-nix*  
Giving Voice to the Silent Majority

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## "VOICE OF OUR ANCESTORS"

The Pagan Snow White And The Evil Queen Christianity.

Wulf Sörensen



There they hang on the wall, one hundred ninety-six little plaques in oval, gilded frames. And there are still far fewer than there ought to have been. All the frames in the upper rows show only a name with a couple of dates on white paper. But in the lower rows they become alive. The portraits begin about the time of the Thirty Years War. They are fine miniatures, carefully painted with a pointed brush on ivory, which has long since yellowed. One cannot but think of the difficulty the artist must have had in capturing those stern, proud features with his soft, marten-hair brush. All of the white ruffled collars, the lace, the puffed sleeves and on the "gentlemen," the jabots have a frivolous effect on these portraits dating from the beginning of the eighteenth century. "Ladies"? "Gentlemen"? No, indeed! In spite of the velvet and silk there is not a "lady" nor a "gentleman" among them.

They are all women and men – and that says far more than the "gentleman" of today. For they, there on the wall, living again in their portraits – were free! This is what we have come to, that we must banish our ancestors to pictures or vital statistics on the wall in order to give them a faint presence in our dim memories. Ancestors?

People today do not even know the birth dates and death dates of their own parents. Of course, they are written down somewhere. It is a wonder if one knows even a little about his grandfather, not to mention his great-grandfather. As for great-great-grandfather, one does not think about him at all, as if he had never existed.

Earlier – much earlier – things were different. That was before words had become but mere merchandise, used to concoct lies, when a man still lived by his word; then it was not necessary to write down and record one's ancestors.

That was a time when the living flow of blood from son to father, from father to grandfather and great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather still had not been choked off. It had not yet sunk, as it has today, so deep beneath all of the alien values within mind and soul, that most of us can no longer hear its rustle, even in the stillest hour. Once the whole past dwelt in the hearts of the living. And from this past the present and the future grew upward like the strong limbs of a healthy tree.

And today? They laugh at the fables of our Folk. They do not even understand them. Nevertheless, that which remains with us from the "*Once upon a time*" of our fables, serves as a reminder, a finger showing us the way back into the millennia of our great past. You believe that we have no use for what is past and gone? Nonsense! The man in whose breast the "*Once upon a time*" of his race is no longer awake – has no future which truly belongs to him. How timely would be the appearance of a man who would teach us again the meaning of our fables, and show us that our struggle for the freedom of the earth which has borne us was, also, the struggle of our ancestors a hundred and a thousand years ago!

Did you know that when you read about **Snow White and the Wicked Queen** who came over the mountains, that those mountains she had to cross each time she came to kill Snow White were the Alps, and that the Queen came from Rome, the deadly enemy of everything Nordic? Think about the Queen's daily query: "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the fairest of them all?" When you think of this saying think about Rome, which could

not rest until everything Nordic, bright and joyful was exterminated, and only darkness remained – dark like the wicked queen in the fairy tale, so that she could be the fairest in all the land, after everything white was dead. That which came over the southern mountains to us tolerated no peers.

Everything had to kneel before it and kiss its feet. When the queen came over the Alps the first time, dressed as a peddler from a distant land, she offered Snow White *a bewitched corset* – bewitched because it was *alien*. Then she pulled the laces so tight that Snow White fainted and fell. The emissaries of Rome bound the Nordic spirit in the suffocating bonds of alien concepts and deceitful words. But the queen's ruinous plan did not succeed, the dwarves – the good spirits of the Folk – came and freed Snow White. The **Frisians** crushed the Roman emissaries who tried to break the strength of our people with their doctrines of misery and servitude. For nearly a thousand years the Nordic tribes struggled against *the poison from Sinai*, which gradually fouled their blood. And when the vain queen again asked her mirror, the answer was: "... but Snow White, over the seven mountains with the seven dwarves is a thousand times fairer than you." Driven by her restless jealousy, the queen came over the snowy wall of the Alps with a new deception. She offered Snow White *a magnificent glittering comb*, the most exotic thing she had ever seen.

The "**Holy Roman Empire**" diverted the Nordic will-of-action away from its natural course; one after another, Nordic leaders have gone off to Rome and the consequence has been turmoil and Roman law in our land, which has enchained our Nordic pride. It began with **Karl**, the eternally cursed Frank, murderer of Saxons. From Aller to Verdun, the blood of the most noble of our people is on his hands. In recognition for his deeds, the Roman priests bestowed upon Karl the title of "The Great." Silent forever are the lips of our Folk who named this wretched Frank, "Karl the Saxon slayer!"

Despite this, the Nordic spirit remained unbroken; the Wicked queen still was not the fairest in the land. And so, for a third visit she came and presented Snow White with *a rosy-cheeked, but poisoned apple*. The first bite stuck in Snow White's throat and caused her to faint as if dead. This apple symbolized the rejection of our own nature, the abandonment of tribal ways. "As if dead," the fairy tale says, acknowledges the enormous strength which slumbers in our people, recognizing that one day will come the great hour, when that strength will mightily throw off the chains of Sinai. Has it yet come, this long awaited hour? "Snow White" is but one of the hundreds and hundreds of age-old Nordic tales which remind us, with as many different images, of the difficulties, the oppression and the deep wisdom of our ancestors.

And as Rome cracked its whip over our land, mercilessly annihilating every genuine manifestation of our own nature, our wise forebears wove into these tales, using colorful symbols and allegory, a legacy of our heritage. But Rome's influence extended over our tales and sagas, falsifying them, giving them new meaning and made advantageous to Roman domination. Thus, it was that our people no longer could understand the voice of our ancestors, that we went astray these many centuries,

becoming more and more alienated from our own ways and enslaved to Rome, and thus to Judah.

Only he who bears his own soul, living and burning in his breast, is an individual – a master. And he who abandons his own kind is a slave. The key to freedom lies within us! Now we must hearken again to the voice of our ancestors and protect our essence from alien influences, protect that which wants to grow out of our own souls. Stronger than any army is the man who wields the power which resides within him!

Reflectively, I look over the long rows of my ancestors. The last members reach so far back that hardly more than a name and a date on a sheet of paper remain. Yet their voices come alive in my blood, because *their blood is my blood*. I think of how the French-speaking monks came from Switzerland to convert our forefathers, the Goths and the Vandals. Even their deadly enemies, the Romans said: "Where the Goths are, there virtue rules. And where the Vandals are, there even the Romans become chaste." And to such men the commandments from Sinai were offered as guiding lights for their lives! Can one understand why these men laughed when they heard those commandments, which demanded that they not commit acts they never would have dreamed of committing?

Can one understand that they raised their swords in wrath when the monks told them that they were "born in sin" – these best of the Goths, whose very name means "**The Good Ones**"!? Cannot one understand the unspeakable contempt with which these noble men regarded those who promised them a reward in heaven for abstaining from doing things which, according to their own nature, were beneath the dignity even of animals?

To such men the commandments were brought; men infinitely superior in human dignity and morality than the monks who brought them. For countless generations they had lived far above the moral plateau on which the commandments from Sinai then operated. Thousands of years before the time of the "Christ" the monks claimed to represent, our ancestors had sown the seeds of culture and civilization throughout the world on their fruitful voyages and wanderings.

When I contemplate the small portraits and see in their firmly composed faces the expressions of my ancestors, which compel no more notice of these times, it seems as if we have descended from a high, high ladder – a ladder which we must yet again climb. Nowadays, it is seldom that we can even appear to be like they were. They were on intimate terms with **Allfather** and did not need to call on halo-wearing intermediaries when they wished to speak to him. And even then, they did not know how to beg; they were too strong, too proud and too healthy for supplication. Blessings prayed for are not true blessings!

They wanted nothing of gifts; either they already had everything they wanted or, if they lacked something, they got it for themselves. Their creed was a saying as brief as a wink and as clear and deep as a mountain stream: "**DO RIGHT AND FEAR NO ONE!**" As for their religion, there was no necessity to put it into words, which suited a people who were naturally frugal with their words anyway. They carried their spiritual consciousness deep within their souls; it served them like a compass needle which always steers a ship on its proper course.

Was that not a better religion than one which must be written down in a thick book, lest it be forgotten – and which one cannot properly understand until a priest comes and interprets what is written there? And even then, an act of faith is required to believe that this intricate interpretation is correct. In their day, faith grew from the blood and it was knowledge. Today it must be learned, for it is an alien faith, unable to strike roots in our blood. It is dogma and doctrine which none can know and which most of us silently renounce, because it is contrary to nature and reason. Tell me – have we become better since taking on this new religion? A great wordless sorrow resides in the breast of most of us, a boundless sense of homelessness, because the way of our ancestors lives on eternally in our Nordic blood like a dream. We want, once again, to be free of sin – like our ancestors were.

We are tired of being humble and small and weak and all the other things demanded of us by a god who despises his own creations and looks on the world as a den of corruption. We want to be proud again, and great and strong, and to do things for ourselves! How different are those faces there on the wall from the faces of today! Only if one looks very closely does one still find a trace of that clarity of the features in the present generation. What lived so dominantly in our ancestors that it showed in their faces has disappeared back into our blood to dream. That is why faces so often deceive us today. Many a person whose hair color and eye color come from the south, still have the greatest part of their blood from Nordic fathers. And many who appear forgotten by the last two thousand years bear their bright hair and grey or blue eyes only as a deceptive mask, for their blood bears no trace of their fathers from the Northland. The one has only the appearance of the alien and retains his Nordic blood. The other has taken the blood of the alien and retains his Nordic face as an illusory mask.

Which is better? Today, one must look into a person's eyes and see whether or not they are still firm, shining and keen. The soul is illuminated through the eyes and it does not deceive. There were many a rebel among those there on the wall, and men who left home; many had refused to bend to those with power. They could not go crooked, these fellows. They preferred poverty abroad over submission at home. But they did not stay poor for long. Those who went abroad followed the restless stream of their blood, which gave them no rest until they had found themselves; rejecting that which was foreign to them and flowing into the bloodstream of their fathers, and so became conscious links in the chain of ancestors, closing the great kindred circle. When one of these came home again – and they all came home – he had become a calm, complete man. It is hard to describe this quality of completeness. If others are babbling in confusion, and such a man utters softly only a couple of words, then all the others will understand and become quiet and attentive. And such a man does not ask questions; others ask him! Look at their eyes; just as they mastered life, so they stood on intimate terms with death. To them death was life's trusted companion. Those same eyes show up among them even in the most recent generations.

There is one of them; **Erik** was his name and he fell at Kemmel. The steel helmet on his head seems to be a part of him. His mouth is a hard, straight line. But in his twenty-year-old eyes twinkles a silent laugh. And with this laugh, foreign to his mouth, and a wink, saluting with his fist against his breast, beckoning as he steps past, Erik greeted death. I cannot imagine this Erik, with bent knee and plaintive voice, begging some god up in the clouds for mercy and help. This is the way I picture him: leaping up from a crouch and with a fierce shout,

plunging his great sword into a charging enemy – then, still in the same leap, being struck by an arrow and collapsing back to the ground with his final thought, “I gave my best for Germany!” Erik seized the bitter cup with a proud laugh and drank it down in a single draught without a grimace. And he likely rapped the cup with a fingernail, so that all could hear it was empty. He did not pray, “Father, let this cup pass from me.” He reached out and seized it for it himself, for he knew... everything necessary is good! Beneath Erik's portrait is his motto, written in his own firm, clear hand: **“Let a man be noble, benevolent, loyal and good.”**

Does that not say far more than those commandments **Moses** had issued to the depraved rabble in the desert, in order to make that horde grasp the rudiments of humanity? The **Commandments** were appropriate for that Hebraic bunch. Even the Egyptians had driven them out of their lands. Even as slaves the Hebrews were too wicked and infected Egyptian life. The Hebrews – the chosen people of god! It is ludicrous that anyone take it seriously. A commandment presupposes a transgression. One can recognize from the mere necessity for such commandments (which demand nothing more than the barest behavior required to claim the designation “human beings”) to what kind of creatures they had been given creatures truly entitled to claim no more than a resemblance to human beings. To the men of the North these commandments were a slander, an unforgivable insult to their sacred blood. So, there rose out of the burning indignation of the Nordic blood a **Wittekind**, who returned again-and-again to lead his people into battle against the doctrines from Sinai. For these teachings are a deadly poison to our blood. You ask – when will Wittekind return no more? Harken: Wittekind will die only with the last Northman! [Wittekind was a Saxon Chief who lead resistance against **Charlemagne, King of the Holy Roman Empire**, who forced Christianity on the German people. Wittekind was symbolic of Northern Paganism and all out resistance against domination.] So long as a single Aryan lives, Wittekind is alive and the world is not safe from him! Seventy million Aryans on this glorious earth are more than enough for anything that comes from Sinai.

The last remnant who are still pure will still be poised when swords resound on shields and the bugles sound for the last, great battle of this wretched millennium. He who slumbers still, whose blood is dull and sour, no glory for him! He will be thoughtlessly trampled underfoot by the valiant who rush into battle down every street of Aryan homelands. An ancient custom among our kind has remained alive even to the present day in most parts of our Northland. There was a time when it seemed that this practice, handed down to us from our forefathers, would die out. But it has been revived – and the time is at hand when all our great and beautiful people will again recognize the significance of this custom and be made sound by it. Our ancestors gave to each child a **powerful name**, full of joy and vital energy.

Actually, they only lent him this name. And it became a shining hope for the child, far ahead of him on his life's course. The child bore this name in his soul like his most precious treasure, for it was to him **both a goal and a sacred responsibility**. This name strengthened the child's soul as he developed into a conscious, mature individual. When the child had become a youth, the elders of the kindred gathered for a celebration, at which they decided whether or not the developed character of

the young man suited the name which had been given to him. If the man and the name were found to be in harmony, then his name was given to him for life. Otherwise, the young man chose a suitable name for himself one which characterized his nature. So it came to be that our ancestors were like their names and their names like them. And so their name carried weight like a rune-carved sword, like their word and a handshake, like yea and nay. In Christian times our ancestors were compelled by the new law from abroad to adopt still another name; it was written down in the church register, primarily for the benefit of the census taker. The authorities were obliged to write the living heathen name of a man beside his characterless Christian name in his register, lest it become nothing but a list of phantoms. In those times the most upright men and the proudest women sprung forth from our race. I step closer to the rows of pictures and read the names.

The oldest are: Helge, Fromund, Meinrad, Markward, Ran, Waltari, Eigel, Asmus, Bjoern. Peculiar names, are they not? They are names born from the great language of our people. There is nothing foreign in them, no spurious sound. They ring true to the ear. These names taste of the salty sea, of the heavy, fruitful earth, of air and sunshine – and of the homeland. Do you notice that? A few will notice – but all too few. Their own language has become foreign to them and has nothing more to say to them. After these first rows our ancestors began to name their sons Gottlieb, Christian, Fürchgott, Leberecht, Christoph (which mean: God-lover, Christ-worshipper. God-fearer, Righteous-liver, Christ-carrier). Still later came the names Paulus, Johannes, Petrus, Christophorus, Korbinianus, Stephanus, Karolus. By those times our forefathers had no other names.

Do you feel how something has been broken in these men, how they have become alienated from their own nature? Do you feel how steeply the ladder descends? A destiny is locked up in the transformation of these names. It is not the destiny of an individual or of a clan, but of a whole people – our Folk. But then something strange happened. Those who had been named Karolus and Paulus by their fathers suddenly regarded these names as annoying, alien, unsuitable, ridiculous. And now comes the generation that went into the Great War. The names with little iron crosses behind the dates on which they fell – a mere 20 or even fewer years from their birth dates, read: Jochen, Dieter, Asmus, Erwin, Walter, Roland, Georg... These are the names we still have today. And what are the names of our youngest, those who carry their names into the third millennium after the time of Nordic self-forgiveness? Gerhardt, Hartmut, Deitrich, Ingo, Dagwin, Guenther, Hellmut, Gernot, Dagmar, Ingeborg, Helga... Has the Great War done this? The names tell the story. A few men wear priestly garments. But the painter has given us a clue. And whoever is able to find this clue can see how little or how much the strong heart of the man is darkened by the shadow of the black robes he wears. The paintings are all bust portraits, nevertheless in one of them the artist shows a hand. It is a strong, sinewy hand, of the sort which could steer a ship through a storm. The black book in his hand looks like a frivolous toy. Such a hand does not bless an enemy; it crushes him.

His name is **Frith**. That is a strange name for a priest. “Frith” means peace robber.” Another portrait shows a man with grey, windswept hair. He has a hawkish nose and in his eyes one perceives unlimited vision. Did Ran really bow his head in remorse, repentance and humility? Did he really despise the world and place his confidence in a power other than his own? I know why fate

ordained that these men must wear the black robes; had it not been for them, there would be far fewer heathens in the North today; without them there would be many more who would have exchanged their own image of God for an alien one and would have grown weary of their own strength and the world; and many more would have been seduced by the alien doctrine into becoming its slaves and forgetting their own blood.

They are true saints, for they have preserved their healthy inner selves, despite the priests' cassocks. They fought the enemy with his own weapon. People called them "HEATHENS". A few were so proud of this title that they incorporated it into their names, as one might don a precious jewel. For the heathen is one who remains true to himself and his kind, whose blood flows pure in his veins. And this pure blood regards the world with neither the hateful sneer of Sinai or the weak knees of Nazareth. It bears divinity, pure, clear and beautiful in its red stream, so long as the race endures. None of these men has ever sought God. One does not seek that which dwells in one's own soul. None of these men has ever been torn with doubt about the divine. Only he who betrays the divinity in himself and offers his soul to an alien god knows such doubt. Doubt is eternal where there is the eternal alien, and thereby the eternal unknown. The Christian is an eternal doubter. Can any man be loyal, who is disloyal to himself? Can any man be great, who is consumed with a longing to return to dust? Can any man be strong, who loves weakness? Can any man be proud, who wanders along in humility? Can any man be pure, who regards himself born in sin? Can any man be happy in this world, who despises the world? And can any man bear the Creator in his soul, who despises divine Creation? *What a strange god you Christians have*, who created you upright, but who commands you to crawl to him on your knees! We heathens do not beg to our Creator; it would be an insult to the divinity in our souls. Nor do we heathens come to the Creator to complain. We do not proclaim our failures to the world and least of all not to the Creator. We seek to overcome our faults and to grow. Our way is not complaining, but anger – and first of all anger against ourselves. Nor do we repent, we heathens, because we cannot be cowardly; we have the courage to stand by our deeds. Why have you Christians made the name "Heathen" an insult? You should not peddle your pettiness in the streets, for it permits people to see that the love you are commanded to display is bound up with hate, and that the forgiveness your religion requires of you is burdened with your desire for vengeance. Only the envious stoop to insults. We see your envy and are ashamed for you, since many of you are still brothers of our blood. There was a time when it was a disgrace to be a Christian. But then you began to conquer the masses and so you were able to turn the tables and make virtue a disgrace. Then you labeled us the "strange" ones and called us heathens. We have remained "strange," despite your insults. We will never be a mass or a herd. Do you know that there are, also, many among you who are "strange" as we are? Why do you not throw away the beggar's rags which cover the noble garments of your manhood? Are you ashamed to be "strange"? Afraid to be called heathens? When you Christians have finished burying your god in the sky – come to us; we heathens will again show you the Creator. And do not think we have settled accounts with you Christians. We weigh silently – but we do not weigh with false weights.

**We do not deceive the God in us, since we do not deceive ourselves.** And as we have weighed justly, so have we calculated, so we would

be reckoned with justly by God for our souls. You see, we do not repent, since we have nothing to repent. Our value lacks nothing. We retained and preserved our whole worth. And now you weigh! And when you have weighed, calculated and evaluated, ask your envious spirit how much you have lost. He who has lost nothing of his worth is without envy – and without hatred for us heathens.

**The petty man hates whatever is superior to him, while the great man admires it.** The petty man pities whatever is beneath him, while the great man scorns it, if it merits his scorn, or he helps it up. There in his cradle lies my son, reaching, reaching gleefully toward his ancestors' portraits on the wall. This tiny, laughing bundle of life is the next step of the future of my race. I was the last step. He is the next. And behind me I see the path of my race passing back through the distant millennia until it is dimmed by the mist of time – for the generations which came before the earliest on the wall are, also, real. My race's entire path through time I do not know – but, I do know that I live and that I am only a link in the chain in which no link must fail, so long as my people live. Otherwise, I never would have been.

For generations a parchment-bound book has been passed down through our family. I open it and inscribe a yellowed page for my son: "Your life is not of this day and not of tomorrow. It is of the thousand years which came before you and the thousand years to come after you. During the thousand years before you, your blood was purely preserved, so that you would be who you are. Now you must preserve your blood, so that all of the generations of the next thousand years will honor you and thank you. "That is the meaning of life, that divinity, awakens in the blood. But only in pure blood does it live! Of whom have I spoken? Of my ancestors? They are only a symbol of the Folk of which I am a living part. To whom have I spoken? To my son? My son is only a part of my Folk. The wisdom of a thousand generations slumbers in you. Waken it and you have found the key which will open the doors of your truest aspirations. Only he who esteems himself is worthy of being a man. Only he is a man who bears the living past and future in himself, for only he is able to stand above the present hour. And only he who is master of the present is successful; he alone is fulfilled. As only in fulfillment is divinity. Thus sayeth the Voice of our Ancestors...

### **The Measure Of Greatness – Forging The Iron Will**

Dr William L. Pierce (1989)

April 20<sup>th</sup> of this year - i.e. 1989 - is the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the birth of the greatest man of our era - a man who dared more and achieved more, who set his aim higher and climbed higher, who felt more deeply and stirred the souls of those around him more mightily, who was more closely attuned to the Life Force which permeates our cosmos and gives it meaning and purpose, and did more to serve that Life Force, than any other man of our times.

And yet he is the most reviled and hated man of our times. Only a few tens of thousands of men and women, in scattered groups around the world, will celebrate his birthday with love and reverence on April 20<sup>th</sup>, while all of the scribblers and commentators of the controlled news media, the controlled politicians, and the controlled churchmen will pour out their hatred and venom and lies against

him, and those lies will be believed by hundreds of millions.

What is the measure of greatness in a man?

Only the most vulgar and doctrinaire democrat would seriously equate greatness with popularity - although in any polling of average citizens on their choice for the greatest man of the century there are certain to be substantial numbers of votes for Elvis Presley, John Kennedy, Billy Graham, Michael Jackson, and various other high-visibility lightweights: charismatic entertainers on the stage of politics, rock concerts, spectator sports, or what have you.

More serious citizens would pass by the lightweights and choose men who have changed the world in some way. We would hear choices like Franklin Roosevelt ("he saved the world from fascism"), Albert Einstein ("he taught us about the nature of our universe"), and Martin Luther King ("he helped us achieve racial justice"), depending upon whether one's personal inclinations lay more in the direction of politics, science, or racial self-abasement, respectively.

But if the poll asked instead for the most evil man of the century, or the most hated man, or the man having the most negative influence, at least three-quarters of the blue-collar and the white-collar pollees alike would name one man: Adolf Hitler. This, *however*, would be merely a reflection of the role assigned to him by the controlled mass media, rather than a truly informed and reasoned choice.

All of this raises several very interesting issues. There is, *for example*, the question of how we came to the preposterous state of affairs prevailing today, wherein we place the destiny of our nation, our planet, and our race in the hands of a mass of voters whose powers of judgment are manifested in such things as the type of television entertainment their preferences have pushed into prime time and the type of men they have elected to public office. And there is the equally weighty question of how, knowing the ease with which this mass is misled, we permitted virtually all of the media of mass information and entertainment to fall into the hands of a race whose interests are so diametrically opposed to our own.

Perhaps even more pertinent to a consideration of human greatness, *however*, is the question of how our system of values came to be turned on its head, so that Franklin Roosevelt is regarded as a hero and Adolf Hitler as a villain, not only by the stolid and stunned masses, but also by a majority of the supposedly "educated" elite, many of whom pride themselves on their intellectual independence.

Whether we judge the greatness of a man by his intrinsic qualities of character and soul or by his accomplishments, Adolf Hitler had greatness of a very high order - if we use the standards which have been traditional in our race.

We cannot, *of course*, make comparisons with all the "mute, inglorious Miltons" whose lack of notable accomplishment has made them anonymous, despite the sterling inner qualities they may have possessed. But when Hitler's character is held up beside those of other 20<sup>th</sup>-century political leaders, he stands as a giant among pygmies. At the prosaic level, we can note his ascetic personal habits, compared with Winston Churchill's habitual drunkenness and notorious self-indulgence; or his personal loyalty to those who had been his comrades in the days of political struggle, compared with Joseph Stalin's habit of murdering his former comrades by the dozen, as potential rivals, as soon as he no longer needed their services; or his direct, frank, and straightforward manner, compared to the cunning deviousness which was Franklin Roosevelt's trademark.

At the spiritual level, the inner differences between Hitler and his contemporaries are even more striking. Hitler was a man with a mission, from the beginning. The testimony of his closest associates, from his boyhood days to the end of his life, agrees with the observations of more distant and impartial observers: Hitler had a mystical sense of destiny, a sense of having been singled out and called by a higher power to devote his life to the service of his race.

His childhood companion **August Kubizek** has related extraordinary evidence of this when Hitler was only 16 years old. (August Kubizek, *Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund* (Graz, 1953), pp. 127-135). Twenty years later, while he was in prison after an unsuccessful attempt to overthrow the government, Hitler himself wrote of his motivation in a way which suggested the range of his vision:

**"What we must fight for is the security of the existence and reproduction of our race and our people, the sustenance of our children and the maintenance of the purity of our blood... so that our people may mature for the fulfillment of the mission allotted them by the Creator of the universe."**

Every thought and every idea, every doctrine and all knowledge, must serve this purpose. And everything must be examined from this point of view and used or rejected according to its utility. Then no theory will stiffen into a dead doctrine, since it is life alone that all things must serve. . .

The **National Socialist philosophy** finds the importance of mankind in its basic racial elements. In the state it sees on principle a means to an end and construes that end as the preservation of the racial existence of man. . .

And so the **National Socialist philosophy of life** corresponds to the innermost will of Nature, since it restores that free play of forces which must lead to a continuous mutual higher breeding, until finally the best of humanity, having achieved possession of this earth, will have a free play for activity in domains which will lie partly above it and partly outside it.

We all sense that in the distant future humanity must be faced by problems which only a highest race, become master people and supported by the means and possibilities of an entire globe, will be equipped to overcome. . .

Thus, the **highest purpose of a National Socialist state** is concern for the preservation of those original racial elements which bestow culture and create the beauty and dignity of a higher mankind. We, as Aryans, can conceive of the state only as the living organism of a nationality which not only assures the preservation of this nationality, but by the development of its spiritual and ideal abilities leads it to the highest freedom. . .

A **National Socialist state** must begin by raising marriage from the level of a continuous defilement of the race and give it the consecration of an institution which is called upon to produce images of the Lord and not monstrosities halfway between man and ape. . .

It must set race in the center of all life. It must take care to keep it pure. It must declare the child to be the most precious treasure of the people. It must see to it that only the healthy beget children. . .

The **National Socialist state** must make certain that by a suitable education of youth it will someday obtain a race ripe for the last and greatest decisions on this earth.

Anyone who wants to cure this era, which is inwardly sick and rotten, must first summon the courage to make clear the causes of this disease. And this should be the concern of the National Socialist movement: pushing aside all narrow-

mindedness, to gather and to organize from the ranks of our nation those forces capable of becoming the vanguard fighters for a **new philosophy of life**. . .

We are not simple enough to believe that it could ever be possible to bring about a perfect era. But this relieves no one of the obligation to combat recognized errors, to overcome weaknesses, and to strive for the ideal. Harsh reality of its own accord will create only too many limitations. For that very reason, *however*, man must try to serve the ultimate goal, and failures must not deter him, any more than he can abandon a system of justice because mistakes creep into it, or any more than medicine is discarded because there always will be sickness in spite of it.

We National Socialists know that with this conception we stand as revolutionaries in the world of today and are branded as such. But our thoughts and actions must in no way be determined by the approval or disapproval of our time, but by the binding obligation to a truth which we have recognized." (Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*)

Hitler's opponents, Churchill and Roosevelt, were party politicians, with the minds and souls of party politicians. Great, impersonal goals, just as truth, meant nothing at all to them. The only thing that counted was the approval or disapproval of their times: the outcome of the next election, a good press claque, votes. Only Stalin shared in any way Hitler's disdain for approval; only Stalin was motivated to any degree by an impersonal idea. But the idea that Stalin served was the alien, destructive idea of Jewish Marxism. And while Hitler served the Life Force with the instincts of a seer, Stalin served Marxism with the instincts of a bureaucrat and a butcher.

A comparison of careers leads us to a similar ranking of greatness of soul. Churchill and Roosevelt were born into the political establishment. They fed at the public trough for years, in one office after another, grabbing greedily at opportunities for a bigger serving of swill. But it was circumstance, not their own efforts, which thrust them onto the stage of world history.

Stalin hacked out his own niche in history to a much greater extent than his western allies, and he was an incomparably stronger man than either of them. He was tough, ruthless, infinitely cunning, and utterly determined to prevail, no matter what the obstacles. Even so, his struggle for prominence and power was entirely within the Bolshevik party and its predecessors. He was the consummate bureaucratic infighter, not the innovator or the lone pioneer.

Only Adolf Hitler started literally from nothing and through the exercise of a superhuman will created the physical basis for the realization of his vision. In 1918, recovering from a British poison-gas attack in a veterans' hospital, he made the decision to enter politics in order to serve that vision. He was a 29-year-old invalid, with no money, no family, no friends or connections, no university education, and no experience. Liberals, Jews, and communists ruled his country, making him and all those to whom he might appeal for support outsiders.

Five and one-half years later he was sentenced to five years in prison for his political activity, and his enemies thought that was the end of him and his movement. But less than nine years after being sentenced he was Chancellor of Germany, with the strongest and most progressive nation in Europe at his command. He had built the National Socialist movement and led it to victory over the organized opposition of the entire Establishment:

conservatives, liberals, communists, Jews, and Christians.

He then transformed Germany, lifting it out of its economic depression (while Americans, under Roosevelt, continued to line up at the soup kitchens), restoring its spirit (and much of the territory which had been taken from it by the victors of the First World War), stimulating its artistic and scientific creativity, and winning the admiration (or, in some cases, the envy and hatred) of other nations. It was an achievement hardly paralleled in the history of the world. Even those who do not understand the real significance of his creation must concede that.

And what was the real significance of Hitler's work? One of his most earnest admirers in India, **Savitri Devi**, has given us a poetic answer to that question. She wrote:

"In its essence, the National Socialist idea exceeds not only Germany and our times, but the Aryan race and mankind itself and any epoch. . . it ultimately expresses that mysterious and unending wisdom according to which Nature lives and creates: the impersonal wisdom of the primeval forest and of the ocean depth and of the spheres in the dark fields of space; and.. it is Adolf Hitler's glory not merely to have gone back to that divine wisdom - stigmatizing man's silly infatuation for "intellect," his childish pride in "progress," and his criminal attempt to enslave Nature - but to have made it the basis of a practical regeneration policy of worldwide scope, precisely now, in our overcrowded, overcivilized, and technically overevolved world, at the very end of the dark age." (Savitri Devi, *The Lightning and the Sun* (National Socialist World No. 1, p. 61))

More prosaically, Hitler's work, in contrast to that of his contemporaries, was above politics, above economics, above nationalism. He had mobilized a powerful, modern state and placed it at the service of our race, so that our race might become fit to serve as an agent of the Life Force.

Perceptive and idealistic young men from every nation in Europe - and from many nations outside Europe as well - recognized this significance, and they flocked to serve him and to fight for his cause, even at the cost of censure and ostracism from their more parochial and narrow-minded countrymen. There was never before an elite fighting force to match the SS, which by the end of the Second World War had more non-Germans than Germans in it.

The war, *of course*, is counted as Hitler's great failure, even as the proof of his lack of greatness, by his detractors. It merely proves that he was a man, not a god, even if a divine will worked through him, and that he could not perform miracles. He could not defend himself forever, with the governments of nearly the whole world allied in a total war to pull him down and destroy his creation, so that they and the interests they served could return to "business as usual." Even so, he gave a far better account of himself than any of his adversaries.

And what will count in the long run in determining Adolf Hitler's stature is not whether he lost or won the war, but whether it was he or his adversaries who were on the side of the Life Force, whether it was he or they who served the cause of Truth and human progress. We only have to look around us today to know it was not they.

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## Eugenics: the Upward Path

Jan Keown (1982)

The impact of biological science on modern social thought is one of the most compelling dramas in all of human experience. On the one hand, for the first time we now understand some of the underlying mechanisms of the creation and transmission of the human characteristics. We know how heredity and environment interact to augment or degrade the quality of races and nations. Moreover, we now have the ability to manipulate both factors in order to produce a race of superior human beings who could be the embodiment of that most ethereal of our dreams: the Nietzschean Superman.

As fate would have it though, these advances in knowledge have come at a time when the world is in the grip of extremely destructive and irrational forces - a time when the ruling powers and the thoughtless masses alike worship the false god of universal human equality and see the devil in any dream of human betterment.

Overcoming these negative forces - or, at least, bypassing them - will be the mission of all progressive and racially conscious men and women for the foreseeable future.

In the beginning, natural forces of selection ensured that, on the average, each generation of our ancestors was stronger, tougher, and cleverer than its predecessors. The environmental pressures of

the Ice Age world sloughed off the dead wood of our race with machinelike efficiency.

"We drown the weakling and the monstrosity. It is not passion, but reason, to separate the useless from the fit."

Seneca

And we may with reasonable safety assume that the earliest Europeans possessed the healthy pragmatism regarding defective specimens of their own kind which is usual among primitive tribesmen of other races even today: useless mouths were a burden which the noble savage was uninclined to support. The Roman statesman **Seneca** stated the case for these primitive eugenicists when he wrote, in the first century of our own era, "We drown the weakling and the monstrosity. It is not passion, but reason, to separate the useless from the fit."

The upward evolutionary spiral continued until the end of the Ice Ages, resulting in the **Cro-Magnon man** who was superior physically, and perhaps intellectually (judging from his larger brain), to anything we know today.

With the **dawn of the Neolithic era** and the coming of the agricultural economy, natural selective pressures eased, and sentiment began to interfere with a rigid pruning of inferior human material. Inevitably, while technology and social organization advanced, the quality of our ancestors imperceptibly began to decline.

Eventually, in place of the reflective eugenics of the tribal primitive, a new form of human quality control began to take shape in **Classical Greece**. The need of the city-state for healthy warriors coalesced with the Greek ideal of physical and intellectual perfection to produce, in Sparta, the first government-administered eugenics program of which we know.

Always outnumbered, ruling a resentful helotry and continually occupied with warfare or preparation for warfare, **Sparta** took great care to safeguard the quality and quantity of its citizens. There were *penalties for celibacy* and for *late marriage*, as well as for a *bad marriage*. A Spartan who fathered three children was excused from the night watch, and after his fourth child he was exempt from taxation.

All newborns were subject to an examination by the Elders. The child was taken to the Council Hall, and if it met the standards of the nation it was accepted. If found wanting it was hurled into an abyss on the slopes of **Mt. Taygetus**. "It was better for the child and the city that one not born from the beginning to comeliness and strength should not live," was the sentiment attributed by **Plutarch** to Sparta's great, semi-legendary lawgiver, **Lycurgus**.

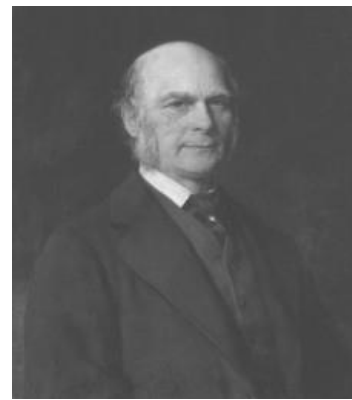
**Xenophon** testified in the fourth century B.C. that the Spartan eugenics produced a race unparalleled in vigor: "It is easy to see that these measures produced a race excelling in size and strength. Not easily would one find people healthier or more physically capable than the Spartans.

With the **decline of the Hellenic age**, the ideals of the Greek eugenics disappeared from the world scene. Indeed, during her later days, forgetting Seneca's precepts, **Rome** so neglected the quality of her people that the great edifice of her Empire staggered and then fell before the vigor of the unspoiled **Germanic tribes** of the misty North.

These hardy people, so magnificent in their pagan naturalness, carried all before them. The momentum of their onrushing energies took them to

new heights of achievement which culminated in a world empire and the cultural-technical miracle which we know as **Western civilization**.

These accomplishments were accompanied, one regrets to say, by a new onset of the insidious process of racial degeneration - a process which had earlier been held in abeyance by the healthful and natural life-style of the uncivilized North. This is always the price paid for a preoccupation with the externals of life, and a neglect of its essence. But in the middle of the last century two men emerged who would offer a new opportunity to reverse the downward trend in racial quality: **Charles Darwin** and **Francis Galton**.



Francis Galton

**Galton** was born in 1822 into a talented, middle-class English family. Endowed with a soaring intellect, he was a marvelous example of the Victorian gentleman-scholar. He made significant contributions to geography, meteorology, anthropology, and criminology.

The turning point in Galton's intellectual life came with the publication in 1859 of **The Origin of Species** by his cousin Charles Darwin. Galton said of this event, "Its effect was to demolish a multitude of dogmatic barriers by a single stroke, and to arouse a spirit of rebellion against all ancient authorities whose positive and unauthenticated statements were contradicted by modern science."

In particular, its effect on Galton was to initiate in him a lifelong concern with the science of racial improvement. He coined the term "**eugenics**" for this science, from the Greek words meaning "well born." Galton devoted the remainder of this life to thinking, writing, and lecturing about the concept of *the uplifting of the race through wise breeding*.

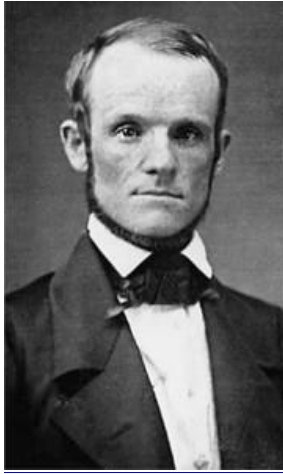
Galton saw that the welfare of a nation was guaranteed not by any material resource it might possess, but by the collective hereditary qualities of its citizens. He was convinced that by suitably modifying the social environment it was possible to gradually raise the physical, mental, and moral level of successive generations. By the same token, he saw processes at work which, if nothing else was done to intervene, could permanently cripple the nation. He wrote in the 1894 *National Review*, "It has now become necessary to better the breed of the human race. The average citizen is too base for the everyday work of modern civilization."

Galton also understood the nature of the principal obstacle in the path of the reforms he wanted to introduce. As he put it, "... there exists a sentiment, for the most part quite unreasonable, against the gradual extinction of an inferior race."

When he dies in 1911 Francis Galton left a world which he had changed profoundly. He had forged a new way of looking at man and at life. The reverberations of his hammer blows are still echoing around us.

While he created an imposing theoretical framework, *however*, Galton never really attempted to put his idea into practice. In fact, the father of eugenics never fathered any children of his own. To see the eugenics idea in action we must look to the small-town New England of the 1830's. Utopian communities were not uncommon in the 19<sup>th</sup> century America, but the **Oneida Community** was unique, as was its leader, **John Humphrey Noyes**.

Noyes was born in 1811 in Brattleboro, Vermont. In 1833, during one of the religious revivals that were sweeping New England, he adopted a creed known as **Perfectionism**, which held that *man can achieve a state of sinless perfection*. He became so adamant in his beliefs, *however*, that he alienated his fellow Perfectionists and was *declared persona non grata* by them.



John Humphrey Noyes

Not one to be discouraged easily, in 1841 he decided to start his own group, in Putney, Vermont, beginning with himself, his wife, his brother, and his two sisters. Within a short time the group's membership had increased to 35 persons.

Always the dominant personality and ideological fountainhead, Noyes evolved an idea which was to prove vital to the eugenics program which lay ahead for his group. His doctrine of "**complex marriage**" provided the basis for a genuine social revolution in miniature. The theological justification is obscure, but in effect it meant that everyone in the group was married to everyone else.

In fact, exclusive love was declared sinful.

On practical grounds, marriage was seen as undesirable because it prohibited scientific selection and limited the best males to the number of children that one woman could produce. Noyes said, "Certainly, scientific propagation is impossible so long and so far as mating is done by promiscuous scrambling, which is the very nature of marriage. If the time has really come for scientific propagation, then the time has come for the departure of marriage and the reconstruction of society on the principles which allow science to lay its hands on the business of mating."

Their unorthodox social arrangements eventually aroused the ire of their more conventional neighbors, and the group moved to Oneida Creek, New York, which was then a frontier settlement. Arriving in 1848, they began building their community. At this time they were 87 in number. Beginning from scratch they spent 20 years creating their utopia.

During this time Noyes prepared for the day when his projected eugenic breeding program, which he called "**stirpculture**" (from the Latin stirps,

meaning stock or lineages), would begin. Evening lectures were given by breeders on inbreeding, judicious crosses, and other tricks of the trade.

By 1869 the stage was set for the first attempt at scientific breeding. In 20 years of hard work Noyes and his followers (by then numbering around 250) had built a thriving community. They had houses, farms, factories, printing presses, and money in the bank. They were united behind a dynamic leader and were of one mind and one accord as to how they should proceed.

The women who were to take part in the program pledged: "We have no rights or personal feelings in regard to child-bearing which shall in the least degree oppose or embarrass Mr. Noyes in his choice of scientific combinations." The men likewise promised: "We desire you may feel that we most heartily sympathize with your purpose in regard to scientific propagation, and offer ourselves to be used in forming and combinations that may seem to you desirable. We desire to be servants of the truth. We are your true soldiers."

A commission headed by Noyes had the final say over who would mate with whom. Usually a couple applied for permission to mate, but at times the commission took the initiative in selecting matches.

In the ten years between 1869-and-1879, 58 children were born as a result of the stirpcultural experiment. Of these, nine were fathered by Noyes himself, who was then in his sixties.

The results of the experiment were encouraging. No mothers were lost, and no deaf, dumb, blind, crippled or idiotic children were born. Although no intelligence tests were given to the children, their longevity statistics are interesting. By 1931 the oldest of the "stirpcults" was 52, the youngest 41. According to actuarial statistics there should have been 45 deaths by that time, this rather high number reflecting the high infant and child mortality rate in the U.S. population in the second half of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. In fact, *however*, only six of the 58 had died.

Noyes left the Oneida Community in 1876 in the wake of a religious dispute. It is ironic that while the founder of modern eugenics, Francis Galton, had rejected the **Bible-based "creation" fable** and the other **Judeo-Christian myths**, the only eugenic breeding community in America found its justification in the Bible and was wracked by Scriptural quibbles. Soon after Noyes departed, complex marriage and stirpculture were abandoned.

In 1881 the community was dissolved.

Noyes, in retirement in Canada, claimed not to be discouraged by the collapse of the Oneida Community. He said, "We made a raid into an unknown country, chartered it, and returned without the loss of a man, woman, or child."

At about the time the Oneida Community was coming to an end, America was beginning to embrace the eugenics idea with a rising tide of enthusiasm. By the turn of the century the nation was entering an era which could almost be called the **golden age of eugenics**. The progressive movement welcomed biological reform as a natural corollary to political reform. The 26<sup>th</sup> President of the United States, **Teddy Roosevelt**, said, "Some day, the inescapable duty of the good citizen of the right type, is to leave his or her blood behind him in the world."

Leading geneticists and other scientific and civic celebrities were solidly behind the movement. In 1906 the **American Breeders Association** set up a commission on eugenics, among whose members were botanist **Luther Burbank**, geneticist **Edward**

**G. Conklin**, and **David Starr Jordan**, president of Stanford University and vice-president of the Boy Scouts of America. According to Jordan, "**The blood of a nation determines its history.**"

By 1928 three-fourths of the nation's universities taught eugenics.

Eugenics organizations were formed all across the country. **Madison Grant**, the noted author and president of the New York Zoological Society, formed the **Galton Society** in New York. Another group, the **Eugenics Education Society**, had branches in a score of cities. In 1913 the **Eugenics Association** was founded. The Eugenics Committee of the United States, later called the American Eugenics Society, began operating in 1822.

The new science of eugenics was highly regarded in the academic world of 60 years ago. In fact, by 1928 three-fourths of the nation's universities taught eugenics.

**Sterilization** was proposed as a eugenic solution to the problem of crime. **Vasectomy**, which originally was a substitute for castration, was first performed in Indiana in 1899. The Indiana legislature passed the **first state sterilization law** in 1907, making sterilization mandatory for confirmed criminals, idiots, imbeciles, and other institutionalized people when deemed appropriate by an expert board. Thirty states had sterilization laws by 1931.

In 1924 eugenics advocates played a key role in gaining passage of the **Immigration Restriction Act**, which was intended to preserve the predominantly Nordic racial character of the United States. **James J. Davis**, President Coolidge's secretary of labor, speaking in support of that act, said: "We should ban from our shores all races and all individuals who are physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually undesirable and who constitute a menace to our civilization."

Five years after its greatest triumph, the eugenics movement met with disaster. With the onset of the **Great Depression** in 1929 the eugenics societies dried up and blew away. The grim, immediate problems of economic survival took precedence over idealistic concerns for future well-being. Finally, the coming to power of the liberal-minority coalition under **Franklin Roosevelt** in 1933 drove the last nails into the coffin of the eugenics movement.

Ultimately, even had it not been for the disasters of Depression and FDR, that movement would have run up against its own limitations. All the talk, all the committees, all the college courses, despite their beneficial effects on legislation in the first quarter of the century, could not have achieved their desired ends. The movement was at odds with the democratic-capitalist spirit of the country. A meaningful eugenics program must be a prime national goal with the full support of a determined leadership behind it. It must be part of a total revolution involving a whole people.

Just such a revolution was coming to fruition in Germany in the fateful year of 1933, under the leadership of **Adolf Hitler**. Never before had a national government come to power fully committed to the biological ennoblement of the nation. In the words of **Wilhelm Frick**, Hitler's minister of the interior: "The fate of race-hygiene, of the Third Reich, and of the German people will in the future be indissolubly bound together."

Brave words were matched by action in the new Germany. Private organizations engaged in



eugenics education, such as the **Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Anthropology, Human Genetics, and Eugenics**, were reorganized as government agencies. On 14 July 1933, the **Hereditary Health Courts** were set up to supervise the sterilization of congenitally defective Germans. In their first year of operation over 50,000 sterilizations were performed.

Pro-family and pro-child propaganda encouraged Germans to have large families. Marriage loans at no interest were made available to young couples, one-fourth of the principal being canceled with the birth of each child.

On 12 December 1935 **Heinrich Himmler**, the national leader of the SS, instituted the **Lebensborn ("spring of life") program**. The Lebensborn concerned itself with families of especially good stock. It provided support for large families and help for expectant mothers and children. It fought against the abortion of healthy children and tried to raise the position of the unmarried mother.



Heinrich Himmler

Germany was well on the way to a revolutionary new age of racial dynamism, but an aroused world Jewry had other ideas. The rest is history.

With the destruction of Germany the eugenics idea was "discredited." Anyone since that time daring to express concern about problems of racial quality has found himself under attack by the **New Inquisition**. A taboo on racial thought in the academic world is rigidly enforced, and the new orthodoxy of human equality reigns without challenge.

Thinking about our genetic position today is an essentially unpleasant duty. The trends are all negative. Live in the modern industrial states of the West is as racially unhealthy as can be imagined.

It is ironic that in the midst of this racial disaster area the science of genetics is making tremendous progress. While the society around them lurches toward a biological debacle, the geneticists are gaining new knowledge at an exponential rate.

What is lacking is the motivation on the part of the governmental-academic establishment to use this new knowledge for the improvement of the race.

Nevertheless, the knowledge is available to those who are willing to use it. Although some of its applications require all the machinery of modern high technology, others are relatively simple, needing little more than a willing and informed group of men and women.

One of the simplest and potentially most effective applications of the new knowledge is **artificial insemination**. In the 1940's **Dr. A.S. Parkes**

found that sperm treated with glycerol could be frozen and stored for an indefinite period. Concurrently, the Nobel Award-winning geneticist, **H.J. Muller**, proposed a national sperm bank, which every woman could draw on to have children by exceptional fathers. This idea has been revived recently – and hysterically condemned by the controlled media.

On the distaff side, new techniques can also be used to increase the spread of desirable genes.

**Hormone injections** can cause a female to superior quality to super-ovulate, releasing up to 30 eggs at one time. After surgical extraction and fertilization the eggs are implanted in average, healthy females, where they are carried to term.

**Controlled inbreeding** could also have a pronounced eugenic effect. As opposed to outbreeding, which tends to hide and spread recessive defects, inbreeding can be made to have a cleansing effect on the gene pool. By sterilizing any defective offspring, it is possible eventually to produce faultless, true-breeding thoroughbreds.

Experimenters with fruit flies have inbred brothers and sisters for 75 generations without loss of fertility or vigor. The same has been done with rats for 25 generations.

There is also an interesting human precedent. In **ancient Egypt brother-sister marriages** were much in vogue, especially among royalty. **James G. Frazier** writes in *The Golden Bough*, "Marriage between brother and sister was the best of marriages, and it acquired an ineffable degree of sanctity when the brother and sister who contracted it were themselves born of a brother and sister, who had in their turn also sprung from a marriage of the same sort."

During the long **XVIII<sup>th</sup> Dynasty** (1570-1320 B.C.), generally regarded as one of the greatest periods of ancient Egypt, this practice was carried on for centuries. All indications are that the results were excellent. The mummified bodies which the Egyptians thoughtfully provided for our examination are uniformly clean-featured and well-formed.

It must be realized that effective eugenic practices would involve a substantial amount of social and psychological reorientation in the group employing them. A really aggressive eugenics program would require extensive modification of the ordinary societal myths, norms, and biases. The benefits to posterity, *however*, would be incalculable: the biological equivalent of the old alchemist's dream of transmuting lead into gold.

It seems obvious that the chances of eugenics principles being applied on a national scale anywhere in the West during the present era are nil. This society is rotting from within, undermined by contradictions which prevent it from facing reality and confronting the most basic of problems. With the old order paralyzed by its own outdated values, it will be up to the standard bearers of a new order to guide our people through the coming crisis and ultimately lead them to the greatness which is their destiny.

The upward struggle of life is far from ended. Our present stage of evolution is but a way station on the path to unimaginable future glories. **Friedrich Nietzsche** put it this way in his *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*: "**The Superman is the meaning of the earth. Let your will say, 'The Superman shall be the meaning of the earth.'**"

**Adolf Hitler's last speech to the Nation (30 January 1945, Radio Address)**

We were granted only six years of peace after 20 January 1933. In these years we secured so many tremendous accomplishments and planned even greater ones. SO many and such great things that we all the more elicited the envy of our democratic, good-for-nothing surrounding world. What was decisive, *however*, was that we succeeded with superhuman effort in these six years in reorganizing the defense of the German Volkskörper - which meant not so much giving it the material military strength but the spiritual power of resistance necessary for self-assertion... in spite of a hostile environment.

At one time in the past I chose my way in the depth of my being, and followed this path as an unknown, nameless man, up to the final victory.

Often proclaimed dead, and always wished dead, at long last I was the victor. My present life is likewise being exclusively determined by the duties incumbent on me... - together, they amount to only one duty, namely to work for my folk and to fight for it. And only He can absolve me from this duty Who has called on me to take it on. No matter how grave the crisis may be at this moment... - we will overcome it in the end, in spite of everything.

Thanks to our unchangeable will, our readiness to sacrifice, and our abilities - we will survive this misery.

In this fight, too, it is not Central Asia that will win, but Europe. And at its head will be the one nation which, for one-and-a-half millennia has represented Europe as its hegemonic power against the East, and will represent it in the future. Our Greater German Reich... the German nation. After all, a nation cannot do more than this: Those who can fight, fight; those who can work, work; and all come together to sacrifice with only one thought in mind... to secure freedom, national honour and a future for life.

There is no need to discuss this with blockheads who will never die out... - who are of the opinion that a defenseless Germany would not have become the victim of this Jewish-international world conspiracy because of its impotence. That is nothing other than turning the **laws of nature** upside-down. Since when does the fox not kill the defenseless goose? just because the goose is not aggressive by nature. And since when does a wolf become a pacifist? because sheep do not wear armour. That there are bourgeois sheep who believe that nonsense in all earnestness just proves how necessary it was to eliminate an era whose educational system was capable of breeding such personalities, sustaining them and granting them political influence.

The power of resistance of our nation has grown so tremendously since 30 January 1933 that it can no longer be compared with the earlier epoch to maintain this inner power of resistance is therefore the surest guarantor of the **final victory**. Jewry then immediately started the systematic breakdown of our folk.

I therefore appeal in this hour to the entire German folk... but especially to my old comrades-in-arms and all soldiers to arm themselves with an even greater, hardened **spirit of resistance** until, as once before, we can lay on the grave of the dead of this mighty struggle a wreath with a bow inscribed:

**You have triumphed in the end.**

And never slacken - and never tire - and never lose courage - through our own labour - own industry - own determination - own daring - own perseverance.